

# I Have Flown With Dragons

by The Stage Manager

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Summary: To solve a very strange case, Tony, McGee and Ziva must face fiction and unlock the secrets of a world of dragons. Slight Tiva.

## 1. Chapter 1

**\*\*AN:** Hey guys! It's me! It's been a super long time since I posted anything and I'm really sorry. My life has been sort of hectic with AP tests, college apps. and my mom got breast cancer so that doesn't help :/ **\*\***

**\*\*But** anyways, I'm back now and I've got a brand new story for y'all! Enjoy and please feel free to comment!**\*\***

**\*\*Disclaimer:** Nuuupe. Still not mine.**\*\***

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><p>Anthony DiNozzo was drunk. Disgustingly, stumblingly, slobberingly drunk. And yet, he had every right to be. This week's case had been a brutal one: a Petty Officer by the name of Lauren Renole had been brutally raped and murdered and within hours, the trail had gone cold. The case, which had been dark enough to begin with, took a much darker turn when connections between three previously unsolved murders and the disappearances of over a dozen children were discovered.<p>

The case had taken a toll on all of them, but as of earlier that afternoon, it was all in the past. The case was solved, the killer caught, the children reunited with their parents, and Tony felt that a drink was long overdue. And drink he did. He drank to celebrate, and he drank to forget. And by the end of the night, he was totally, completely and utterly wasted.

At some point Tony must've decided that he was ready to go home

because half an hour later he found himself stumbling through an alleyway (the bartender had done the world a kindness by taking away the agent's car keys), clutching a small gold trophy that he had apparently won singing karaoke to Don McLean's "American Pie". A tiny, Gibbs-like voice in the back of DiNozzo's intoxicated brain reprimanded him for allowing himself to get so drunk. Tony's conscience twinged and he frowned at the bad emotion bubbling in the pit of his stomach. But then a second, much nicer voice (this one had an Israeli accent and Tony couldn't help but to grin at the sound of it) reminded him that Gibbs had given the team the next day or two off, so as long as he showed up early Monday morning refreshed and ready to go, he would be fine.

Feeling much better about himself, Tony resumed his wobbly stride and continued on his journey home. Luckily, he wasn't too far away: the apartment complex was only about six and a quarter miles away from the bar so with any luck he'd be in bed, asleep in the next hour, hour and a half.

DiNozzo made light of his travel by talking/singing to himself. Mostly, he talked about movies, babbling on about everything from Independence Day to Hitch to GATTACA, and even mentioned a couple of those hilariously bad movies from the Sci-Fi Channel like Mega Shark VS Giant Octopus or Arachnoquake. Sometimes he would interrupt himself by singing bits of songs from musicals: "I'll Be Here" from Ordinary Days, "Do You Hear the People Sing" from Les Miserables, "Let It Go" from Disney's Frozen, and "Finishing the Hat" from Sunday in the Park with George were among his top picks.

Half an hour later, Tony had grown silent. Unlike New York City, Washington DC did sleep, so Tony found himself completely alone on the streets as he walked home. The streetlights flickered warmly overhead, the traffic lights changing every once and a while to accommodate the rare car passing through the intersections: Tony felt at peace.

The apartment complex had come into view just under a mile on down the road: this was the homestretch. With the goal now in view, Tony strengthened his resolve and quickened his pace. Nearly there, he thought.

Suddenly, a tumultuous crash came from the alleyway he was just passing. Startled, DiNozzo's inebriated brain did its best to kick into gear. His heart pounding inside his chest, he certainly didn't feel drunk anymore.

Cautiously, the young Special Agent backtracked to the mouth of the alleyway and tentatively peered around the corner. Half a dozen metal trashcans lay tipped on their sides, explaining the source of the noise. Raccoon, he thought. Feeling a bit more confident, he rounded the corner and approached the garbage cans, wanting to investigate. However, somethingâ€| unusual caught DiNozzo's eyes and he began to wonder just how drunk he really was.

A tail. A massive, pale blue, reptilian tail was poking out of the trashcan where the creature inside was still rummaging around for scraps. Having found what it was looking for (in this case it was a half-eaten bean burrito) the creature backed out of the metal can. It was reptilian in nature, like a giant lizard, but with brawny legs, a

long neck and powerful wings. Its body was three-fourths the length of the trashcan, its neck and head only half of that. It was elegant-looking, pale blue in color, and nothing short of impossible.

\_Definitely not a raccoon.\_

DiNozzo's mind was frozen in place, only a single word popping up and repeating itself over and over and over: \_dragon\_.

The dragon in question didn't appear to notice the agent's presence: it was too busy tucking into a long awaited meal. Within seconds the burrito was gone and the dragon was back inside the trashcan looking for more food.

\_It's hungry\_, DiNozzo thought, his mind kicking back into gear. He was far too drunk and tired to question his sanity and properly deal with \_this\_, so he decided just to go with it. He watched the creature for a moment as it kicked trash all around the once-clean alley. \_Thanks for nothing, you useless reptile\_. \_Hiccup's voice, from \_How to Train Your Dragon\_, echoed inside his head. Movie quotes. Classic DiNozzo.

Suddenly, the dragon lurched from the trashcan, its head shooting straight up to look DiNozzo right in the eyes. Tony swallowed thickly. Perhaps he might've quoted that last bit out loudâ€¦

The dragon reared up on its hind legs, wildly flapping its wings and roaring angrily. Tony froze up. He thought for sure he was going to die, attacked by a dragon at two AM in the middle of some alleyway. But to his great surprise, the dragon backed down and sat back on its scaly butt with a quiet "thump". It stared at DiNozzo for a long time, its head innocently cocked sideways as if it were sorting out the situation. After several moments, the dragon, who was much braver than the inebriated Navy cop, gave a content little purr and took several bounding steps towards the shocked agent.

DiNozzo tensed up. His vision started swimming. He was drunk and absolutely exhausted and his brain simply couldn't process what was going on. He began to sway dangerously, and the young dragon paused its stride to give him a concerned look.

Suddenly, the dragon was all the way across the alley, standing only a foot away from where the agent threatened to keel over. He felt the dragon brush up against him, its face rubbing against his leg as if the mighty creature was nothing more than an overly friendly house cat.

Unfortunately, this was all Tony's brain could process. His vision went black and he felt himself slumping over against the pavement before falling completely unconscious.

**\*\*AGENT LASTWISH: I HAVE FLOWN WITH DRAGONS\*\***

DiNozzo awoke the next morning and found himself laying in his bed back home. What's more, he was lacking the horrendous hangover that usually followed his late night drinking escapades. His refreshed mind searched for answers but he came up empty handed.

Running a hand down his face, Tony couldn't help but wonder if it had

all been just a dream. But how could it have been? He didn't remember coming home from work last night, much less falling asleep! And it all felt so realâ€¦ but then again, dreams often do. "This feels just like \_Recall\_," he mumbled and did his best simply to forget the experience.

Monday morning came all too soon for Tony. When he arrived at the Navy Yard, he noticed that he appeared to be the first one there. But it wasn't long before McGee and Ziva showed up, walking out of the elevator chatting about this and that.

Gibbs arrived not more than five minutes later, coffee in hand. "Grab your gear," he said. "We got a body down at Norfolk. Ziver, you drive," he tossed the keys to the former Mossad agent.

This case, however, would prove to be far from ordinary. After all, it's one thing to read about dragons, it's another thing entirely to meet them in person.

\_To be continued...\_

## 2. Chapter 2

**\*\*Sorry about the long wait, guys. I hit a bit of a snag with this chapter but it's all better now. Got everything all fixed up, and I actually know where I'm going with this one, so there shouldn't be anymore problems.\*\***

**\*\*Shout out to \_earthdragon\_ and \_Glaiceon\_: Thanks for your reviews, you guys are brilliant!\*\***

**\*\*Remember: more reviews = more motivation = faster updates.\*\***

**\*\*Speaking of updates, I'm working on brand-new chapters for my stories \_All Good Things\_ and \_Home Again, Home Again.\_ I know, it's been a year and a half since I last updated either of those stories and I'm REALLY sorry about that. But I'm back from hiatus and everything should be back to normal.\*\***

**\*\*Thanks for all your support!\*\***

**\*\*DISCLAIMER: Yes. In the week since my last update, I was somehow put in charge of NCIS, because logic. (Not)\*\***

**\* \* \***

><p>After a short (death-defying) car ride and a long, poison ivy-laden hike through the woods (much to McGee's chagrin), the Major Case Response Team found themselves staring wordlessly at the crime scene. It wasn't terribly gory, but it wasâ€¦ <em>unique</em>. Large quantities of heavy chains, nets and ropes lay strewn -broken- across the clearing. Dozens of massive, old trees were found either uprooted or snapped in half around the scene, and everything except the victim, who was wearing some sort of flame-retardant suit, seemed to be absolutely scorched, burned within an inch of its life. The victim in question was found half way up a felled tree, a broken branch poking through his sternum.

"Ziver, photograph the scene. DiNozzo, bag and tag. McGee, with me," Gibbs barked out the orders to his team.

"On it boss," DiNozzo said, with a fake salute.

McGee and Gibbs made their way across the desecrated landscape to where Ducky and Palmer had already begun their preliminary examination. Kneeling beside the body, McGee carefully slid off one of the victim's chard, flame-retardant gloves. He gingerly placed the limp fingers on the screen of the portable finger print analyzer and awaited the results.

"Whatcha got, McGee?" Gibbs asked, just as the portable device dinged.

"Percy Kettering, Petty Officer Third Class," McGee read the name off the screen.

Gibbs nodded, satisfied. "McGee, go and help out DiNozzo,"

"On it, Boss," McGee said as he left.

"Ducky, cause of death?" Gibbs asked the M.E. shortly.

"Massive trauma to the spine and several internal organs -heart and lungs, mostly- as the result of an unlucky encounter with a tree," Ducky replied from where he knelt over the victim's body. "He died almost instantly,"

"Shish kabob-style," Palmer added absentmindedly, making a rather unfortunate \_goosh\_-ing sound. "Sorry," he ducked his head apologetically when he caught Gibbs' and Ducky's disapproving stare.

Ducky sighed and shook his head. Focusing on the task at hand, the M.E. looked around for the medical bag but found nothing there. "Mr. Palmer, where is the medical bag?" he asked.

Palmer paused, running the question through his mind. "I must've dropped it by the trailhead when we came in," he concluded. He gave a quick, breathy laugh. "I guess I was so surprised by the sight of this place that I just dropped it. You know, there was this one time-"

"Mr. Palmer, why don't you go fetch me the liver probe?" Ducky interrupted, waving his hand towards the haphazardly discarded medical bag across the clearing.

"Yes, Dr. Mallard," Palmer said, rising to his feet. Snapping off his gloves (so as not to dirty the bag when he got there), the young medical assistant obediently took off across the dell.

"Sometimes I worry about that boy," Ducky sighed, shaking his head.

Gibbs grunted and stared down at the body. "Anything else, Duck? Time of death?"

"I'm afraid I won't know that until Mr. Palmer returns with the liver probe," Ducky replied. "Jethro," he started, turning to cast a quick

glance at the agent. "Judging from the angle of the wound as well as splintering and shrapnel patternsâ€¦ if I had to guess, I'd say the tree was upright when the poor fellow met his demise,"

"He'd be sixty feet off the ground, Duck. How's that possible?"

"Unfortunately, that remains a mystery for the time being,"

"Is it possible that he was killed somewhere else and staged up in the tree sometime after?"

Ducky shook his head. "Jethro, this man died exactly where he is. I'd stake my career on it,"

"Gibbs!" Ziva's called out, suddenly.

"Boss, we got three more!" DiNozzo shouted.

Frowning, the MCRT leader ran over where his agents were gathered. Three bodies, all donned in the same flame retardant suits, were slumped together in an aimless heap. Streaky marks along the ground clearly displayed how the three Navy officers had been dragged from their original locations to the unorthodox pile where they were presently resting.

"Identifications?" Gibbs asked.

"Third Class Petty Officers Imogen Romana, Grant Newman, and India Marcs," McGee answered quickly.

In mere moments Palmer and Ducky were crouching near the three bodies, trying to confirm a COD.

"Got anything?' Gibbs asked.

"Interestingly, Jethro, it appears that all three victims met their demise in different ways. Ms. Marcs suffered sever blunt force trauma to the sternum and abdomen, effectively crushing her. Mr. Newman died from exposure to extreme heat, hot enough to pierce this protective material, and Ms. Romana died of these strange stab wounds in her abdomen,"

"Four different murder styles?" DiNozzo asked. "Why?"

Gibbs ignored the question. "Time of death?"

"I'll be able to give you a more precise answer when we get back to the morgue, but for now I'd estimate somewhere between midnight and two A.M." Ducky answered.

"What's strange, though," Palmer started. "Is that all four of them died within the same hour of each other,"

>"Mr. Palmer has a point. For each victim, the cause of death is quite extreme. The killer would've had to dramatic lengths to commit even one of these murders, out here in the forest. And yet, he managed to kill all four of them within the same hour,"<p>

"Could we be looking for more than one killer?" Gibbs asked, narrowing his eyes.

"Perhaps. I'm not sure. But I do, however, find it odd that none of our victims ran away when they had the chance. Several minutes between each murder would provide sufficient time to escape. Why didn't they?"

"Look at all these ropes and chains, Duck. Maybe they were restrained," Gibbs suggested.

"Maybeâ€|" The M.E. wasn't convinced.

Across the clearing, the MCRT had nearly finished processing the scene. "What do you think could've done all this damage? A bomb?" McGee asked.

"I think somebody would've heard something if it was a bomb, probie," DiNozzo chided.

"Maybe not. I mean, we're really out in the middle of nowhere. Nobody lives around here for miles and miles,"

"Miles and miles? C'mon, McGee, the hike wasn't \_that \_long," Tony grinned playfully.

The green-eyed agent frowned. "That's not what I meantâ€|"

"Actually, DiNozzo, you may have a point," Ziva said.

"Wait, really?" DiNozzo suddenly looked confused.

"We are only a mile or two into the forest and Norfolk cannot be more than five miles away. So why is it that nobody on the naval base heard or saw or smelled \_anything\_?" Ziva asked. "With this much destruction, I would assume that somebody would hear something,"

"Seven miles is awfully far away," McGee spoke up.

"True. But with this much fire damage, surely somebody would have been able to see the light or smell the smoke, correct?" Ziva asked.

"Trueâ€|" McGee nodded. "But still. What could've caused all this?"

Ziva shook her head and shrugged. "Dragon?" she joked.

Tony froze up. \_Dragon.\_ His mind flashed back to the previous weekend. Drinking, walking home, the alleyway, the winged blue lizard.

"Are you alright, DiNozzo?" Ziva asked, her accent laced with concern.

Tony's head snapped up and he grinned. "Of course! Never better,"

AGENTLASTWISH: I HAVE FLOW WITH DRAGONS

High up in the trees, far away from sight or speculation, two young girls sat perched on a branch, watching the agents flit around beneath them like minnows in a pond.

The first girl was the youngest, no more than fourteen or fifteen years old. She had pale skin, long, silver hair and unearthly, pale blue eyes. The second girl was much older, maybe eighteen or nineteen years old. In sharp contrast to the younger girl, she had dark skin, dark brown eyes and dark, curly hair.

"What have you gone and done now?" the older girl whisper anxiously to no one in particular. She spoke with a certain authority and her voice was laced with an African accent. Burundi, maybe?

"It will be alright," the younger girl spoke with a soft English accent. She did her best to comfort her friend, but the older girl merely dismissed her.

"Which one is the boy from the alleyway?" the older girl asked, changing the subject.

"That one," the younger girl pointed.

"How did you find him?"

"I heard the dragon crying for help. I thought she was being attacked,"

"Was she?"

>"No," the younger girl shook her head. "She was worried about the boy,"<p>

"What happened to him?"

"He was passed out when I found him. Piss-drunk: he stank of alcohol,"

"And then what happened?"

"I requested assistance from a few of us who were in the area and we hauled his butt back home,"

"And the dragon has taken a liking to him, I see?"

"Yes,"

The older girl seemed to ponder this for a moment before responding: "Interesting,"

End  
file.